

Woodman, Spare That Tree

George Morris and Henry Russell

G D7 G D7 G D7
Woodman, spare that tree; Touch not a single bough;
G B7 Em G D7 G
In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now.
D A7 D A7 D7
'Twas my fore father's hand, that placed it near his cot;
G C G D7 G
There, woodman, let it stand, thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree, its glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
and woulds't thou hack it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke, cut not its earthbound ties,
Oh, spare that aged oak, now tow'ring to the skies.

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here, my father pressed my hand,
Forgive this foolish tear, but let that old oak stand!